THE CLARION.

Election of Judges.

EDITORS CLARION: "Democrat" writes quite a readable article, showing himself to be as much patriot as Democrat. But under all his patriotic sentiment, it seems to me, there runs a vain of sophistry.

His leading idea is that corruption of the voter is to be avoided in this matter of choosing judges. It is all well enough to avoid in every way possible the corrupting of the ballot, but is it not the purity of the bench we are seeking, independent of the voter? I do not see how it affects the voters of a State for the Governor to appoint a judge. It might, eventually, come to the corrupting of them in the competition of elections. But even then, the candidate himself must first be corrupt and then would come danger to the purity of the vote.

I am not a freedman hater nor any body of that kind; but I do think there is quite voting enough in the United States. What is to be sought is not, more voting, but, in this case, a better construction and application of the laws.

It seems to me that whatever will make the judiciary department of the government as independent as possible of the other departments thereof, and even of the sovereign voter himself, is the thing we should adopt. In case the elective system should be adopted, would our bench be more independent than it now is? There is some danger always, that impartial justice may not be meeted out in the chosing of a judge by the chief executive, but there is infinitely more danger to the litigants in a State where every judge has a constituency.

If it is wrong to tempt poor weak human nature to do wrong, it is wrong to impose a constituency upon a judge: Gratitude to the men who made him, the revolting prospect of defeating himself in the coming election by a stubborn decision for the right, opportunities of securing the gratitude of litigants formerly in opposition, these are some of the blocks we will throw under the feet of our judges if we relegate the system to the "dear people."

But whether elected by the people, or appointed by the governor, I should think that if when a man becomes judge, he becomes such for life, or during good behavior, he would then be as independent as he could be made, unless his salary was too meager.

But if not for life, then for as long a term as possible.

A long term, a good salary, will bring a just and able judge to serve the people.

PATRIOT.

Female Education.

EDITORS CLARION: I was glad to see "Eyder" turn upon her assailants and give them tit for tat: with a little boot thrown in. I thought, when I read two letters taking issue with her, that they were hardly relevant. They were aimed at bangs and kindred follies, while the subject under discussion was female education.

Can THE CLARION inform its readers why it is that so much has been done in this State for the free education of the stronger sex and so little for the weaker?

Not long ago, I heard the following words from the lips of a widowed mother: "I have not the means to educate any of my children, but the State comes to my aid so far as my boys are concerned. They can go either to Oxford or Starkville. As for my girls, there is no such opportunity for them. They will have to grow up uneducated."

The truth conveyed by the above words has been felt by thousands of parents in this State, and as yet no satisfactory reason has been given for the unjust discrimination in favor of one sex over the other.

To be sure, some one present when the lady expressed herself as above stated, did remind her that she could send her girls to Oxford as well as her boys. "You are mistaken," was the reply. "I might be able to send other people's girls there, but never my own."

I am glad to be able to say that the typical Southern mother is not yet sufficiently "advanced" to be willing to drop her young daughters down in the midst of a public male college, and I hope she never will be.

"One good object to be gained," I heard a gentleman say, "by sending the girls to Oxford, is the refining influence they have over the boys."

The same old song! Every thing for the boys. But it is justice to the girls in their own right that is demanded. It is a question of giving them equal educational advantages with the boys without stipulating that they shall, by way of payment, shed refining, or any other sort of influence, on the latter.

Surely, enough has already been done for the boys in this and other States without calling on the girls to teach them good manners, where their mothers may have failed. They have not only their universities where all useful and useless knowledge may be acquired—the sciences in all their branches, and the dead and living languages—but their A. & M. Colleges as well, thoughtfully located where professors and students can be fed by practical farmers, while they are conducting experiments in agriculture at the expense of the State.

Even negro lads have what is refused to the blue veined daughters of our own race. They have Tougaloo and Alcorn universities.

The thought that such injustice is inflicted on the women of our State ought to cause the cheek of every man in it to tingle with shame. That the wrong has been done and still remains unrighted, must be due to some malign and selfish influence brought to bear upon our law-makers.

VIR.

CARROLLTON, June 1883.

SOONER OR LATER.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Sooner or later the storms shall beat
Over my slumbers from head to feet;
Sooner or later the winds will rave
In the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie,
Nothing their sounds shall signify;
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain;
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
With tender warmth on that mound of mine
Sooner or later in summer air,
Clover and violet blossom there.

I shall not feel in that deep-laid rest,
The slanting light fall over my breast,
Nor even note in these hidden hours
The wind-blown breath of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows
Shall add their hush to my mute repose;
Sooner or later shall slant and shift,
And heap my bed with the dazzling drift.

Sooner or later the bee shall come
And fill the noon with its golden hum;
Sooner or later, on half-poised wing,
The bluebird's warble about me ring—

Ring and chirrup, and whistle with glee,
Nothing his music means to me;
None of these beautiful things shall know
How soundly their love sleeps below.

SO NEARLY WON.

Whitehall (London) Review.]

The carriage was just turning the corner of the drive where the tall evergreens grow thickest, the final shower of rice and the last old satin slipper were falling far behind it, when James Grafton realized for the first time that Lettie had gone indeed, and had left him there alone and unprotected. For him the bright June day seemed suddenly overclouded, and his own little domestic world strangely empty in spite of the merry, chattering groups of bridal guests on his sunny lawn. In another instant the carriage had disappeared, the bridesmaids and their attendant swains turned laughingly away, and sauntered off mostly in couples, for one wedding is very provocative of another, few things being more infectious than love-making.

James Grafton went toward his house with a very grave face (he had been standing on the path that he might watch the carriage to the very last), and on the doorstep met his two sisters-in-law, Mrs. Charles and Mrs. Harry, both widows, and arrayed in different shades of Iron-gray silk. It was awful to have to face them alone without that good, kind, brave Lettie, who had hitherto looked so well after him and his interests who had always stood between him and the widows. They seemed to have come fearfully near to him all at once. Were they going to crush him completely? Would they eat him up and pick his bones? What would they do to him?

James Grafton was a bachelor of 40 or thereabout. Lettie, his only sister, whom he had a couple of hours ago most unselfishly given away to Colonel Rathbone at the little white church at the foot of the hill, although many years younger than himself, had always fought his domestic battles for him and had been quite equal to the task of defending him from any number of aggressive relatives. And James Grafton needed a protector badly, for he was the only man of his family who had ever made any money; while his brothers, after trying hard to ruin him as well as themselves, had died penniless, leaving him thirteen nephews and neices to care for as well as two widows, whose only jointures were a couple of very different but, to James Grafton, equally objectionable tempers. A heavy burden, truly; but he and Lettie had taken it up bravely and cheerfully, and had done very much more than their duty.

But now James Grafton has given Lettie away; she was gone, and the widows were standing on the doorsteps, saying all sorts of pretty things about the pretty wedding and charming bride. There was a great blank where Lettie had been. Oh, then, surely the widows and the thirteen children could fill it! Everything his friends said brought this thought to James Grafton's mind; but that only made the blank look blanker. Mrs. Charles and Mrs. Harry did not love each other. How could they, being the mothers of two rival clans of children? "That woman" was the term by which the one indicated the other in a general way, but to-day, as each tried to excel the other in doing the honors of James Grafton's very picturesque little house, no one except the keenest observer could have told that open war raged permanently between the two smiling ladies who received so graciously the parting congratulations of the wedding guests. James Grafton, however, knew the state of affairs only too well, and as he watched the groups on the lawn thinning, and carriage after carriage driving off, his heart sank down and down, and the blackness of night settled upon him.

At length all had departed except the sisters-in-law and their elder children. Mrs. Charles at once began to explore the house, which, during Lettie's reign, she had never been able to do quite to her heart's content; and Mrs. Harry followed her stealthily about, as a detective might watch a suspected thief. As for James Grafton, he groped his melancholy way into his library.

'Ha! what's this?" he exclaimed with sudden joy as his eyes fell upon a note lying upon his desk. "From Lettie! Dear girl! How thoughtful!" He eagerly tore open the envelope. It already appeared to him as if she had been gone some centuries. The note had been scrawled in desperate haste and excitement, but it brought hope and courage with it. "My dearest old Jim." it ran, "be firm now, or you are lost forever. I see they don't mean to go. They must go, both of them. Keep to our arrangement. Don't yield an inch. You dear lamb, how I grieve to leave you so defenseless! If you value my peace of mind, speak to Eunice Bell to-morrow, and know your fate. She likes you; I am sure of it. I am fond of her; so are you. Perhaps you think you are not; but mind what I tell you—you are. How happy I should be if I could only feel you were in good hands. Believe me, dear, she is a most sweet thing—with fondest love, your own Lettie." James Grafton had always had a fair and rather delicate complexion. It was not much the worse for wear. It turned a vivid scarlet as he read the last part of his sister's note.

"How on earth could she have guessed? What have I said or done to suggest such an idea? 'Believe me, dear, she is a most sweet thing.' I knew that well enough without Lettie's telling me. 'I'm fond of her; so are you.'" And in spite of having lost a first love "whom the angels call Lenore," or some other delicious name, James Grafton, this bachelor of 40 years, sighed with almost youthful fervor for his second. "She likes you; I am sure of it." Aye, there's the rub! "Likes—likes—likes me," he repeated, "but perhaps, loves some one else on the other side of the world. Does she? Why shouldn't I know?"

He read Lettie's note through again; it was singularly inspiriting; never before had the case been put before him so clearly; never had he dared, even in his inmost thoughts, to put it so clearly to himself. He opened his eyes widely.

"Have I been a fool, I wonder? I must have been, or I should have——" But here he was roughly interrupted. Mrs. Charles' girls and Mrs. Harry's boys, who always had the greatest contempt for each other, had come to blows, and now burst into the library crying and sobbing, and making the house resound with their clamorous demands for instant justice. The mothers, who had been harrying each other until frail human nature could stand it no longer, rushed to the rescue. The noise became terrific. Mrs. Charles demanded the immediate expulsion of "that woman and her ill-mannered children." Mrs. Harry returned the compliment with vigor. James Grafton, unused to such scenes, fled in dismay. They followed him to the shrubbery, and when they had driven him thence they tracked him to the poultry-yard, where, rendered desperate by sheer despair, he turned upon them and declared he would not re-enter the house until both had left it. There was something so resolute in the way in which he sat down on some logs by the pump, as if he would stay there forever sooner than yield, that, knowing further resistance was useless, the widows departed. For many hours afterward James Grafton felt that he was the greatest brute in the world. He was, as regarded women and children, a most tender-hearted creature. He hated himself for his harshness; it made him feel degraded and unworthy even to woo so sweet a being as Eunice Bell. It was far in the next day before his self-respect returned.

James Grafton's house was pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill, not many miles from London. Eunice Bell lived with a married sister in Tulip-tree lane, within an easy walk of the bachelor's residence. James Grafton, being on intimate terms with the family, knew, as indeed all the neighborhood knew, that about two years ago Miss Bell had been engaged to be married. Then there had been a quarrel, and estrangement. He, the lover, had gone abroad; she—why one day she caught sight of her own face in the looking-glass, and repeated to herself:

> Charlotte, when she saw her lover
> Borne before her on a shutter,
> Like a well conducted person,
> Went on cutting bread and butter.

Other people said she went on living the same simple, helpful, beautiful life that she always had lived.

There was a difference to her in the aspect of things, doubtless; but if there were she never made others feel it. But now that broken romance was all over. But there are some events which never recede into the past; they live forever in a perpetual now, although one may agree with one's self to behave as if they had never occurred.

Now, James Grafton had had a broken romance of his own in early life. Gentle Death had taken his "Lenore," leaving a wound in his heart which, although deep, had no bitterness in it. So it had healed very fairly; it was deference to Miss Bell's feelings, not his own, that had kept him silent hitherto, for in truth he was very much in love with her, and had been for some time past. James Grafton had promised to dine in Tupli-tree Lane the day after his sister's wedding. He read Lettie's note over three times before he started.

"It's that 'likes' that makes me hesitate," he said to himself, as he began to descend the hillside by a broad highway. "Or, perhaps," he ventured to hope presently, "perhaps the 'like' was only Lettie's modest way of putting 'loves.' Lettie was always so modest. Yes, yes, it may be so; but no! it won't do. I'm a fool for thinking so. And his thoughts recurred to that other time when he had asked his Lenore what he now wanted to ask Eunice Bell.

The other time—ah! then he had been young, impetuous, madly in love. Then he had no need to ask himself questions; then he had been only too sure. Now, going down to the house where Eunice Bell lived, he was full of doubts and fears and hesitations. "Yet why not?" he asked himself, as he turned the corner into Tulip-tree lane.

He had grown very fond of that lane. As he turned the well-known corner, it was to him as if he were in the presence of a familliar friend and counselor; it was as if he had asked—"Yet why not?" to some one else than himself. And everything in the lane seemed to hush his forebodings, and say with a curious, all-pervading soothingness — "Why doubt?"

Beyond the low hedges there were miles and miles of smiling, undulating English landscape, full of infinite calm and gentleness. How it happened I cannot say; but as James Grafton walked soberly through the lane, all hesitation fled away, and his face grew as restful as his heart had suddenly become. And was not that kindly face, with its strange and winning touch of purity, one which a good woman could hardly fail to love? The inevitable young couple who haunt the lane passed him; he did not covet their happiness, as he had often done; he was too happy himself.

A turn of the road showed him the house where Eunice Bell lived; a large, old fashioned house, dignified but homelike. From the lawn rose a stately cedar. Beside the dark cedar was a great tulip-tree covered with pale blossoms. The voices of children at play reached him from behind the old red wall of the garden. With them came—Ah! what was that? Her voice. James Grafton felt his pulse quicken as he hastened his steps toward the house. In fancy he saw her out there under the tree the guardian of the little group of children. Propitious moment! Now if he could but seize it! And eagerly, as if for the first time in his life, he hurried on to meet his fate—his fate at that very moment was rushing how surely, how swiftly, to meet him!

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While James Grafton had been coming through the lane, the object of his thoughts and affections, Eunice Bell, had been sitting, just as he had imagined and as he had often seen her, within the shadow of the great trees. She was dressed for dinner, in a half-toilet of some soft dove-colored, Summer-like fabric. She was ten years younger than James Grafton, although for the last two years she had considered herself distinctly an old maid. Her hair was soft and fair; her figure tall and slight—a little too slight perhaps. Her face was very placid. At the moment James Grafton had turned into the lane it was grave as well as placid. Presently (was it because she knew by the striking of the church clock he must be coming nearer?) a thought made her smile. She was thinking of James Grafton then; telling herself she liked him, feeling that, somehow or another, the idea of being always an old maid was imperceptibly melting. "It is only friendship just touched with sentiment, or does he really care for me?" The question pleased her, but she knew the answer perfectly well; she knew he cared for her. Then she sighed; her lips half curled with scorn, but not scorn for him. No one (except his sisters-in-law) could regard James Grafton with anything but profound respect. "Rest, truthfulness and love! Ah! I have sometimes thought them idle words; but to see the smile of this good man is to know."—

She never finished the sentence.

"Auntie! auntie! see, there's Mr. Grafton," a little voice cried gleefully; and Eunice Bell, raising her eyes, which had been fixed on the grass at her feet, saw James Grafton crossing the lawn and the children all scampered toward him as fast as their chubby legs could carry them. Eunice rose and followed them, laughing gently at the earnestness with which the little things rifled his pockets of those sweets which a many-nephewed-and-nieced man is never without if he knows his duty and does it.

So they, Eunice and James (after all 40 is not so very great an age)—they were both laughing when they met. It was pleasant, very pleasant—in fact, quite delightful; but, somehow, before that gentle domestic laughter sentiment fled abashed. They were out in the garden one quarter of an hour—one bright, delicious, happy quarter of an hour. They sat side by side under the trees while the evening sunbeams played upon the softly-fluttering leaves. The children prattled about their knees. Their glances met with kind, familiar smiles. Eunice felt a contented restfulness in his presence, and he was conscious that it was so. It was to him a most golden, blissful quarter of an hour. But of course he could not say what he wished before the children, and there was all the beautiful long evening before them, and no need to hurry. Presently, after sunset, he and she would stroll out there, and then he felt certain now, absolutely sure, that she would answer yes. As absolutely sure as I am at this minute that had he asked her to be his wife during that happy quarter of an hour she would have accepted him with the frankest smile of perfect trust. The gong sounded for dinner. They sauntered up to the house side by side, the children still playing about their path.

"I always feel whenever I come here that you have all attained the ideal state of domestic peace and happiness," said James Grafton, thoughtfully. "After the stormy scenes one is sometimes called upon to witness," (he thought of yesterday and the sisters-in-law), "the sweet, calm atmosphere pervading the entire home life here is most soothing."

"We get on very well together," said Eunice, in her soft, placid voice.

"Your sister and her husband are, I think, the most admirable young couple I ever met. They never wrangle. By the way, I haven't asked how they were. How are they?"

"Oh, as flourishing as usual," returned Eunice. "I wonder they haven't been in the garden. They generally like to be out here during the children's half hour before dinner.

So saying they entered the house together—that house the bachelor had now for some time held so sacred. They entered by the drawing room window, which opened on the lawn. They rather surprised Mrs. Cathcart, the young and lovely wife, diligently reading a novel on the sofa, and her gallant husband, apparently absorbed in the evening paper, immediately behind her. They were, in fact, back to back. And this was the more remarkable, as the honeymoon ways of this charming couple had often been a subject of comment among their friends. They were both reading so diligently that Mr. Grafton and Miss Bell had quite time enough to take in the *coup d'œil* and its meaning before either husband or wife moved. A moment afterward they both started. Cathcart sprang up blithely to meet his guests, as if he were intensely relieved by this interruption of a threatening tete-a-tete.

"You are a good fellow to turn up after the awful affair of yesterday. I'm sure I wonder you survived it!" he exclaimed, nearly wrenching the bachelor's hand off.

"I'm sure I wonder how it's been done," returned Grafton.

"Weddings are such a sell," growled the young married man, as James Grafton turned to the sofa and expressed a fervent hope that his hostess was quite well.

"Dreadful headache; nearly frantic with it;" said Mrs. Cathcart, knitting her pretty brows and rising, pressing one hand to her forehead as she did.

There had been times, and those distant but a few brief hours ago, when such words and such a movement of pain would have wrung her husband's heart, and his "My darling! what can I do for it?" would have sounded perfectly agonizing; now, the wretched being only turned abruptly to his sister-in-law with, "Eunice; dinner's late enough already," and marched on with her huffily.

"I am sorry you are so unwell. The day has been oppressive. You will be glad to get down to the seaside, won't you?" said James Grafton as he gave his arm to the too evidently snubbed wife.

"I shall be glad to get away somewhere. I'm sure I don't care where it is. I want change terribly," said Mrs. Cathcart, with a certain hardness of tone in her voice that her guest had never before observed.

"Do you know, I always admire your dinning-room so much," put in the bachelor as they entered the room.

"There's a perfectly hideous glare on it just now," retorted Mrs. Cathcart.

"And your decorations are charming—these trailing bits of briony and wild"—

"Don't agree with you, Grafton. I'm sick of seeing the place littered with weeds," interpolated Cathcart, the young married man, with an angry sniff, as they took their places at the table. "John," he exclaimed, turning to the servant, "see that there's something decent out of the conservatory in the center of the table to-morrow—something at least three feet high, and bushy."

John as he went about his work with imperturbable gravity remembered with great inward mirth that only a few days before he had been ordered to remove a tall fern, because, as his master had said, it hid his wife's face. "Rum 'uns, married folks, ain't they?" he remarked to himself. Ah, indeed they are, especially when young, good-looking and very much in love with each other! But their "rum"-ness, O, worthy John, strange as it is, is nothing to their utter want of consideration for other people's feelings.

What James Grafton and Eunice Bell suffered at that little square dinner I really have not the heart to relate in detail; and, indeed, there is but small need that I should do so, for have not you and I taken a melancholy part in many only too similar scenes? I could, however, forgive the young couple for their conduct during dinner; but what I consider absolutely brutal and unpardonable was that although I feel certain both Captain and Mrs. Cathcart knew that James Grafton would have enjoyed a quiet stroll about the grounds when the sun was setting (for of course he was on a certain subject as easy for them to read as the morning paper), yet these two selfish married creatures, absorbed only in the interesting game of irritating each other, hung on to the two unmarried ones the whole evening, with a relentless malice that is perfectly unattainable except by a husband and wife who are, for the time being, not on speaking terms.

After dinner, Mrs. Cathcart, by way of pretending she did not care, rattled off her gayest dance music and sang dozens of her brightest songs; but nothing would please her except to have Eunice sitting quite close to her, turning over the pages. Once, indeed, Miss Bell ventured as far as the window, but she was speedily captured; a sisterly arm being gently but firmly placed around her waist, while a plaintive voice murmured in her ear: "Ah, Eunice! a sister's affection—love—is, after all, the only thing in the world one can really depend upon!"

And while this was going on in the drawing room Cathcart had effectually botton-holed Grafton, and was confiding to him that as his domestic life had suffered an utter collapse he intended—indeed, it was his only chance of saving his life and reason—he intended to exchange with Hutchings, and go to seek glory and, he devoutly hoped, death in South Africa.

But the most wretched evening must at last come to an end. About 10 o'clock James Grafton again found himself in Tulip-tree lane; but, instead of the happy calm of a few hours earlier, he now felt as if he had been assisting at an earthquake. He was quite dazed, and unable to contemplate anything at all except the extraordinary ways of married people, at which he gazed, so to speak, with mingled wonder, terror and anger. Should he ever be able to re-enter that house, that desecrated sanctuary?

It was however, a sweet, peaceful night, so that by the time he had reached his own door he had so far recovered himself as to see that it was his bounden duty to rescue Eunice Bell from—good Heaven! it was maddening to think what she might be enduring that very minute. He entered his house as soon as he had made up his mind, while taking an extra stroll or two in front of it, that nothing should hinder him from going over to Tulip-tree-lane the first thing in the morning and taking circumstances firmly in hand.

Now one might get along fairly if one had merely to deal with the circumstances that properly belong to a case, if it were not for the collateral circumstances that are always lying in ambush on both sides of our path ready to spring out and eat up both us and our case. James Grafton found a letter and a telegram awaiting him. He tore open the telegram; it was from Mrs. Harry. Her youngest child had been suddenly seized with croup. James must come at once and bring a physician with him. James went at once and took a physician with him. On his way down he read the letter which, recognizing Mrs. Charles' only too well-known hand, he had thrust hastily into his pocket. Mrs. Charles wrote to him regularly every day. On one day she called him a good angel, the next a demon; it was the turn for being a demon now. He was so entirely upset by one thing and another that he quite believed what she said,